A

VISION,

Concerning his late Pretended

HIGHNESSE

Cromwell, the Wicked;

Containing a Discourse in Vindication of him by a pretended Angel, and the Confutation thereof by the Author.

Virgil.

——*Sua cuiq; Deus fit dira Libido.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the *Anchor* in the lower walk in the New Exchange. 1661.

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ADVERTISEMENT

THIS *Discourse was written in the time of the late Protector* Richard the Little, *and was but the first Book of Three that were designed by the Author. The second was to be a Discourse with the Guardian-Angel of* England, *concerning all the late Confusions and Misfortunes of it. The third to*

denounce heavy Judgments againſt the three Kingdoms, and ſeveral Places and Parties in them, unleſs they prevented them ſpeedily by ſerious Repentance, and that greateſt and hardeſt work of it, Reſtitution. There was to be upon this Subject, The Burden of England, *The Burden of* Scotland, *The Burden of* Ireland, *The Burden of* London, *The Burden of the Army, The Burden of the Divines, The Burden of the Lawyers, and many others, after the manner of Prophetical Threatnings in the Old Teſtament: But by the extraordinary Mercy of God, (for which we had no pre-*

tence

tence of Merit, nor the leaſt glympſe of Hope) in the ſuddain Reſtoration of Reaſon, and Right, and Happineſſe to us, it became not onely unneceſſary, but unſeaſonable and impertinent to proſecute the work. However, it ſeem'd not ſo to the Author to publiſh this firſt Part, becauſe, though no man can juſtifie or approve the actions of Cromwel, *without having all the ſeeds and principles of wickedneſs in his heart, yet many there are, even honeſt and well-meaning people, who without wading into any depth of Conſideration in the matter, and purely deceived by ſplendid words,*

words, and the outward appearances of vanity, are apt to admire him as a great and eminent Perſon; which is a Fallacy that extraordinary and eſpecially ſucceſsful Villanies impoſe often upon the world. It is the corruption and depravation of human Nature that is the root of this Opinion, though it lie ſometimes ſo deep under ground that we our ſelves are not able to perceive it; and when we account any man Great, or Brave, or Wiſe, or of good Parts, who advances himſelf and his Family by any other ways but thoſe of Virtue, we are certainly byaſſed to that judgment

by

by a ſecret impulſe, or at leaſt inclination of the viciouſneſs of our own ſpirit. It is ſo neceſſary for the good and peace of Mankind, that this Error (which grows almoſt every where, and is ſpontaneouſly generated by the rankneſs of the ſoyl) ſhould be weeded out, and for ever extirpated, that the Author was content not to ſuppreſs this Diſcourſe, becauſe it may contribute ſomewhat to that end, though it be but a ſmall piece of that which was his original Deſign.

THE

THE VISIONS AND PROPHECIES

Concerning ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, And IRELAND.

IT was the Funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called Protector, and though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick

lick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that ſolemnity, the expectation of which had been ſo great, that it was ſaid to have brought ſome very curious perſons (and no doubt ſingular Virtuoſos) as far as from the Mount in *Cornwall*, and from the *Orcades*. I found there had been much more coſt beſtowed than either the dead man, or indeed Death it ſelf could deſerve. There was a mighty train of black aſſiſtants, among which too divers Princes in the perſons of their Ambaſſadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loſſe of their Brother) were pleaſed to attend; the Herſe was Magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practiſed at Royal interrements, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vaſt multitude of Spectators made up, as it uſes to do, no ſmall part of the Spectacle it ſelf. But yet I know not how, the whole was ſo managed, that, methoughts, it

ſome-

ſomewhat repreſented the life of him for whom it was made ; Much noiſe, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great ſhow, and yet after all this, but an ill ſight. At laſt (for it ſeemed long to me, and like his ſhort Reign too, very tedious) the whole Scene paſt by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect upon the whole life of this Prodigious Man, and ſometimes I was filled with horror and deteſtation of his actions, and ſometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and ſucceſſe; till by theſe different motions and agitations of mind rocked, as it were, a ſleep, I fell at laſt into this Viſion, or if you pleaſe to call it but a Dream, I ſhall not take it ill, becauſe the Father of Poets tells us, Even Dreams too are from God.

But ſure it was no Dream; for I was ſuddenly tranſported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the Body, like St. *Paul*,

I know not) and found my ſelf upon the top of that famous Hill in the Iſland *Mona*, which has the proſpect of three Great, and Not-long-ſince moſt happy Kingdoms; As ſoon as ever I lookt upon them, the Not-long-ſince ſtrook upon my Memory, and called forth the ſad repreſentation of all the Sins, and all the Miſeries that had overwhelmed them theſe twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my preſent ſtock of moiſture was all waſted, I fell a ſighing for an hour more, and as ſoon as I recovered from my paſſion the uſe of ſpeech and reaſon, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this complaint.

1.

Ah, happy Iſle, how art thou chang'd and curſt,
Since I was born, and knew thee firſt!
When Peace, which had forſook the World around,
(Frighted with noiſe, and the ſhrill Trumpets ſound)

Thee

Thee for a private place of reſt,
And a ſecure retirement choſe
Wherein to build her *Halcyon* Neſt;
No wind durſt ſtir abroad the Air to diſcompoſe.

2.

When all the Riches of the Globe beſide
Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;
When all that Nature did thy ſoil deny,
The Grouth was of thy fruitfull Induſtry,
When all the proud and dreadfull Sea,
And all his Tributary ſtreams,
A conſtant Tribute paid to Thee.
When all the liquid World was one extended Thames.

3.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
And Bounty was it's Steward there;
When Gold walkt free about in open view,
Ere it one Conquering parties Priſoner grew;
When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Subſtance with her Voice,
Ere ſhe by 'er fooliſh Loves of late,
Like Eccho (once a Nymph) turn'd onely into Noiſe.

When

4.

When Men to Men reſpect and friendſhip bore,
And God with Reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happi'r ev'n than He.

5.

Thou doeſt a *Chaos*, and Confuſion now,
A *Babel*, and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a Frantick perſon thou doeſt tear
The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou ſhould'ſt wear,
And cut thy Limbs; and if we ſee
(Juſt as thy Barbarous *Britons* did)
Thy Body with Hypocriſie
Painted all ore, thou think'ſt, Thy naked ſhame is hid.

6.

The Nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to ſmile)
They laugh, and would have pitty'd thee (alas!)
But that thy Faults all Pity do ſurpaſſe.

An

Art thou the Country which didſt hate,
And mock the *French* Inconſtancy?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſſe change of Habits there, than Governments
in Thee?

7.

Unhappy Iſle! No ſhip of thine at Sea,
Was ever toſt and torn like Thee.
Thy naked Hulk looſe on the Waves does beat,
The Rocks and Banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy fooliſh Pilots ail,
To lay the Compaſſe quite aſide?
Without a Law or Rule to ſayl,
And rather take the Winds, then Heavens to be
their Guide?

8.

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating Iſle from ſhipwrack ſave;
And though to waſh that Bloud which does it
ſtain,
It well deſerves to ſink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Martyrs prayer
(The Royal Martyr prays we know)
This guilty, periſhing Veſſel ſpare;
Hear but his Soul above, and not his bloud below.

I think

I think I ſhould have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a ſtrange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (ariſing out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a Gyant, or indeed than the ſhadow of any Gyant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedneſſe adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over, with ſeveral figures, after the manner of the antient *Britons*, painted upon it: and I perceived that moſt of them were the repreſentation of the late battels in our civil Warrs, and (if I be not much miſtaken) it was the battel of *Naſbey* that was drawn upon his Breaſt. His Eyes were like burning Braſſe, and there were three Crowns of the ſame mettal (as I gueſt) and that lookt as red-hot too, upon his Head. He held in his right hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and neverthelеſſe the Motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello*, and in his left hand a thick Book, upon the back of wich was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Proteſtations, Covenants,

nants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonſtrances, &c. Though this ſuddain, unuſual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet ſo it pleaſed God (for there is nothhing bolder than a Man in a Viſion) that I was not at all daunted, but askt him reſolutely and briefly, What art thou? And he ſaid, I am called The North-weſt Principality, His Highneſſe, the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of thoſe three Kingdoms which thou ſeeſt from this place. And I anſwered and ſaid, If it be ſo, Sir, it ſeems to me that for almoſt theſe twenty years paſt your Highneſſe has been abſent from your charge: for not onely if any Angel, but if any wiſe and honeſt Men had ſince that time been our Governour, we ſhould not have wandred thus long in theſe laborious and endleſſe Labyrinths of confuſion, but either not have

have entered at all into them, or at leaſt have returned back ere we had abſolutely loſt our way; but inſtead of your Highneſſe, we have had ſince ſuch a Protector as was his Predeceſſor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he preſently ſlew the Common-wealth, which he pretended to protect, and ſet up himſelf in the place of it; a little leſſe guilty indeed in one reſpect, becauſe the other ſlew an Innocent, and this Man did but murder a Muderer. Such a Protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for any Enemy, and rather received a conſtant Turk, than this every moneths Apoſtate; ſuch a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he ſheers, and ſells, or devours himſelf; and I would fain know, what the Wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a Protector ---- and as I was proceeding, me-thoughts, his Highneſſe began to put on a diſpleaſed and threatning countenance, as men uſe to do when their deareſt Friends happen to be traduced

ced in their company, which gave me the firſt riſe of jealouſy againſt him, for I did not believe that *Cromwell* amongſt all his forein Correſpondences had ever held any with Angels. However I was not hardned enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had ſpoken to the Protector himſelf in White-hall) I deſired him that his Highneſſe would pleaſe to pardon me if I had unwittingly ſpoken any thing to the diſparagement of a perſon, whoſe relations to his Highneſſe I had not the honour to know. At which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late Highneſſe, than as he took him to be the greateſt Man that ever was of the *Engliſh* Nation, if not (ſaid he) of the whole World, which gives me a juſt title to the defence of his reputation, ſince I now account my ſelf, as it were, a naturalized *Engliſh* Angel, by having had ſo long the management of the affairs of that Country. And pray Country-man (ſaid he, very kindly and very flateringly)

for

for I would not have you fall into the general errour of the World, that deteſts and decryes ſo extraordinary a Virtue, what can be more extraordinary than that a perſon of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of Body (which have ſometimes) or of Mind (which have often raiſed men to the higheſt dignities) ſhould have the courage to attempt, and the happineſſe to ſucceed in ſo improbable a deſign, as the deſtruction of one of the moſt antient, and in all appearance moſt ſolidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? that he ſhould have the power or boldneſſe to put his Prince and Maſter to an open and infamous death? to baniſh that numerous, and ſtrongly-allied Family? to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleaſed, and ſpurn them out of doores when he grew weary of them; to raiſe up a new and unheard-of Monſter out of their Aſhes; to ſtifle that in the very infancy, and ſet up himſelf above all things that ever were called Soveraign

veraign in *England*; to oppreſs all his Enemies by Arms, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice; to ſerve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriouſly at laſt; to over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North; to be feared and courted by all forein Princes, and adopted a Brother to the gods of the earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and ſcatter them again with the Breath of his Mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would pleaſe to be hired at the rate of two millions a year, to be the Maſter of thoſe who had hired him before to be their Servant; to have the Eſtates and Lives of three Kingdoms as much at his diſpoſal, as was the little inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the ſpending of them; and laſtly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his Poſterity; to die with peace at home,

and

and triumph abroad; to be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal ſolemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguiſht, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his praiſes, ſo might have been too for his Conqueſts if the ſhort line of his Humane Life could have been ſtrecht out to the extent of his immortal deſigns?

By this ſpeech I began to underſtand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highneſſe was, and having fortified my ſelf privately with a ſhort mental Prayer, and with the ſign of the Croſſe (not out of any ſuperſtition to the ſign, but as a recognition of my Baptiſm in Chriſt) I grew a little bolder, and replyed in this manner; I ſhould not venture to oppoſe what you are pleaſed to ſay in commendation of the late great, and (I confeſſe) extraordinary perſon, but that I remember Chriſt forbids us to give aſſent to any other doctrine but what himſelf has taught us, even though it

ſhould

ſhou'd be delivered by an Angel; and if ſuch you be, Sir, it may be you have ſpoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: For ſure I am, that we muſt renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Teſtament, and thoſe which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honeſty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I ſuppoſe you commend by Irony. There would be no end to inſtance in the particulars of all his wickedneſſe; but to ſum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a perſon, ſuch as your ſelf qualify him rightly, to endeavour not onely to exalt himſelf above, but to trample upon all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that petence to make all men his ſervants? to take Arms againſt Taxes of ſcarce two hundred thouſand pounds a year, and to raiſe them himſelf to above two Milions? to quarrel for the loſſe of three or four Eares, and ſtrike off three or four hundred

Heads?

Heads? to fight againſt an imaginary ſuſpition of I know not what two thouſand Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himſelf no leſſe than forty thouſand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to diſſolve all even of his own calling, and almoſt chooſing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expoſe it naked to the rage of all Sects and Hereſies? to ſet up Counſels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight againſt the King under a commiſſion for him; to take him forceably out of the hands of thoſe for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his Net, with proteſtations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little ſhame, as Conſcience, or Humanity, in the open face of the whole World? to receive a Commiſſion for King and Parliament, to murder (as I ſaid) the one, and deſtroy no leſſe impudently the other? to fight againſt Monarchy

narchy when he declared for it, and declare againſt it when he contrived for it in his own perſon? to abaſe perfidiouſly and ſupplant ingratefully his own General firſt, and afterwards moſt of thoſe Officers, who with the loſſe of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreaſonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all Friends equally? and to make no leſſe frequent uſe of the moſt ſolemn Perjuries than the looſer ſort of People do of cuſtomary Oaths? to uſurp three Kingdoms without any ſhadow of the leaſt pretenſions, and to govern them as unjuſtly as he got them? to ſet himſelf up as an Idol (which we know as St. *Paul* ſayes, in it ſelf is nothing) and make the very ſtreets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the bowels of men as a ſacrifice to his *Moloch-ſhip*? to ſeek to entail this uſurpation upon his Poſterity, and with it an endleſſe War upon the Nation? and laſtly, by the ſevereſt Judgement of Almighty God, to dye

l ardned, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curſes of the preſent Age, and the deteſtation of all to ſucceed.

Though I had much more to ſay (for the Life of man is ſo ſhort, that it allows not time enough to ſpeak againſt a Tyrant) yet becauſe I had a mind to hear how my ſtrange Adverſary would behave himſelf upon this ſubject, and to give even the Devil (as they ſay) his right, and fair play in a diſputation, I ſtopt here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he ſhould have broke into a violent paſſion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dove-like innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to ſting, thus replyed to me.

It is not ſo much out of my affection to that perſon whom we diſcourſe of (whoſe greatneſſe is too ſolid to be ſhaken by the breath of any Oratory) as for your own ſake (honeſt Country-man) whom I conceive to err, rather by miſtake

ſtake than out of malice, that I ſhall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjuſt opinion. And in the firſt place I muſt needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the moſt antient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withall,

ἀχ' ὅσιον κταμένιοσιν ἐπ' ἄνδρασιν εὐχεταᾶσθαι,

Tis wicked with inſulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there is no leſſe proper for this Subject; for it is ſpoken to a perſon who was proud and inſolent againſt thoſe dead men to whom he had been humble and obedient whilſt they lived. Your Highneſſe may pleaſe (ſaid I) to add the Verſe that follows, as no leſſe proper for this Subject

Whom God's juſt doom and their own ſins have ſent
Already to their puniſhment.

But I take this to be the rule in the caſe, that when we fix any infamy upon deceaſed perſons, it ſhould not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity to the Living, that the curſes which onely remain in mens thoughts, and dare not come forth againſt Tyrants (becauſe they are Tyrants) whileſt they are ſo, may at leaſt be for ever ſetled and engraven upon their Memories, to deterre all others from the like wickedneſſe, which elſe in the time of their fooliſh proſperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other mens Toungs, would not ſuffer them to perceive. Ambition is ſo ſubtil a Tempter, and the corruption of humane nature ſo ſuſceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly reſiſt it, be he never ſo much forewarn'd of the evil conſequences, much leſſe if he find not onely the concurrence of the preſent, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The miſchief of Tyranny is too great, even in the ſhorteſt

time

time that it can continue, it is endleſſe and inſupportable, if the Example be to reign too, and if a *Lambert* muſt be invited to follow the ſteps of a *Cromwell* as well by the voice of Honour, as by the ſight of power and riches. Though it may ſeem to ſome fantaſtically, yet was it wiſely done of the *Syracuſians*, to implead with the forms of their ordinary juſtice, to condemn, and deſtroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants; If it were poſſible to cut them out of all Hiſtory, and to extinguiſh their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; But ſince they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever cloſed up without a Scar, at leaſt let us ſet ſuch a mark upon their memory, that men of the ſame wicked inclinations may be no leſſe affrighted with their laſting Ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your Highneſſe may perceive that I ſpeak not all this out of any private animoſity againſt the perſon of the late *Protector*, I aſſure you upon my faith that I bear no more hatred to

his name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any friend of mine the leaſt injury; and with that tranſported by a holy fury, I fell into this ſudden rapture.

1.

Curſt be the Man (what do I wiſh? as though
The wretch already were not ſo;
But curſt on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his Countrey to enſlave.
Who ſeeks to overpoiſe alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Againſt the whole but naked State,
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the weight.

2.

Who of his Nation loves to be the firſt,
Though at the rate of being worſt.
Who would be rather a great Monſter, than
A well-proportion'd Man.
The Son of Earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain ſtands,
Till Thunder ſtrikes him from the ſky;
The Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

What

3.

What Bloud, Confuſion, Ruin, to obtain
A ſhort and miſerable Reign?
In what oblique, and humble creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous Serpent riſe?
But even his forked Toung ſtrikes dead,
When h'as reard up his wicked Head,
He murders with his mortal frown,
A *Baſiliſk* he grows, if once he get a Crown.

4.

But no Guards can oppoſe aſſaulting Fears,
Or undermining Fears.
No more than doors, or cloſe-drawn Curtains keep
The ſwarming Dreams out when we ſleep.
That bloudy Conſcience too of his
(For, oh, a Rebell Red-Coat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin,
He ſees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this Rod againſt our Land.

A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worſe Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers ſtain'd with Bloud have been?
What Storm and Hail-ſhot have we ſeen?
What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
What darkneſſe to be felt has buried us of late?

6.

How has it ſnatcht our Flocks and Herds away?
And made even of our Sons a prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermine has it ſent
The reſtleſſe Nation to torment?
What greedy Troups, what armed power
Of Flies and Locuſts to devour
The Land which every where they fill?
Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it ſtill.

7.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this ſhould be;
Come ſink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Peſtilence, and reap us down;
Come Gods Sword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,

In

In all the Bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we figh'd, we wept; we never bluſht before.

8.

If by our ſins the Divine Juſtice be
Call'd to this laſt extremity,
Let ſome denouncing *Jonas* firſt be ſent,
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks at leaſt ſome Prodigy,
Some dreadfull Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Deaths, ſo of a Tyrants birth.

Here the ſpirit of Verſe beginning a little to fail, I ſtopt, and his Highneſſe ſmiling ſaid, I was glad to ſee you engaged in the Encloſures of *Meeter*, for if you had ſtaid in the open plain of Declaiming againſt the word Tyrant, I muſt have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired your ſelf as well as me. But pray, Countrey-man, to avoid this ſciomachy, or imaginary Combat with words, let me know firſt what you mean by the name of Tyrant,

for I remember that among your antient Authors, not onely all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himſelf (your *Juvans Pater*) is ſo termed, and perhaps as it was uſed formerly in a good ſence, ſo we ſhall find it upon better conſideration to be ſtill a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at leaſt it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be juſtly applied to the perſon who is now the ſubject of our Diſcourſe. I call him (ſaid I) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himſelf forcibly into the Government of his fellow Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or who having a juſt Title to the Government of a people, abuſes it to the deſtruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the ſame time Uſurpers, either of the whole or at leaſt of a part of that power which they aſſume to themſelves, and no leſſe are they to be accounted Rebels, ſince no man can Uſurp Authority over others, but by rebelling againſt them who had it before, or at leaſt againſt thoſe Laws which

which were his Superiors; and in all theſe ſences no Hiſtory can affoard us a more evident example of Tyranny, or more out all poſſibility of excuſe, or palliation, than that of the perſon whom you are pleaſed to defend, whether we conſider his reiterated rebellions againſt all his ſuperiors, or his uſurpation of the Supream power to himſelf, or his Tyranny in the exerciſe of it; and if lawfull Princes have been eſteemed Tyrants by not containing themſelves within the bounds of thoſe Laws which have been left them as the ſphere of their Authority by their fore-fathers, what ſhall we ſay of that man, who having by right no power at all in this Nation, could not content himſelf with that which had ſatisfied the moſt ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with thoſe vaſtly extended limits of Soverainty, which he (diſdaining all that had been preſcribed and obſerved before) was pleaſed (but of great modeſty) to ſet to himſelf? not abſtaining from Rebellion and Uſurpation even

againſt his own Laws as well as thoſe of the Nation?

Hold friend (ſaid his Highneſſe, (pulling me by my Arm) for I ſee your zeal is tranſporting you again) whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exerciſe of his power we ſhall ſee anon, it is requiſite to examine firſt whether he were ſo in the Uſurpation of it. And I ſay, that not onely He, but no man elſe ever was, or can be ſo; and that for theſe reaſons. Firſt, becauſe all power belongs onely to God, who is the ſource and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to ſome he gives their places for a few years, to ſome for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deſerts beſt known to himſelf, or meerly for his undiſputable good pleaſure) he beſtows as it were Leaſes upon them, and their poſterity, for ſuch a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of their Deſtiny, which is not legible to you men below.

Nei-

Neither is it more unlawfull for *Oliver* to ſucceed *Charls* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God ſo diſpoſes of it, than it had been for him to have ſucceeded the Lord *Strafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the caſes obliged to obey him whom they ſee actually inveſted with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without diſputing or examining the cauſes, either of the removeal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, becauſe all power is attained either by the Election and conſent of the people, and that takes away your objection of forcible intruſion; or elſe by a Conqueſt of them, and that gives ſuch a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the Uſurpation of a tyrant; ſo that either this Title is right, and then there are no Uſurpers, or elſe it is a wrong one, and then there are none elſe but Uſurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World.

Third-

Thirdly, (which quitting the diſpute in general, is a particular juſtification of his Highneſſe) the Goverment of *England* was totally broken and diſſolved, and extinguiſht by the confuſions of a Civil War, ſo that his Highneſſe could not be accuſed to have poſſeſt himſelf violently of the antient building of the Commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and aſhes of the former; and he who after a deplorable ſhipwrack can with extraordinary Induſtry gather together the diſperſt and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no leſſe wonderful art and felicity ſo rejoyn them as to make a new Veſſel more tight and beautifull than the old one, deſerves no doubt to have the command of her (even as his Highneſſe had) by the deſire of the Sea-men and Paſſengers themſelves. And do but conſider laſtly (for I omit multitude of weighty things that might be ſpoken upon this noble argument) do but conſider ſeriouſly and impartially with your ſelf,

what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage muſt of neceſſity have concurred in the perſon of that man, who from ſo contemptible beginnings (as I obſerved before) and through ſo many thouſand difficulties, was able not onely to make himſelf the greateſt and moſt abſolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire Conqueſt of *Ireland* and *Scotland* (which the whole force of the World joyned with the Roman virtue could never attain to) and to Crown all this with Illuſtrious and Heroical undertakings, and ſucceſſes upon all our forein Enemies; do but (I ſay again) conſider this, aud you will confeſſe, that his prodigious Merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the bloud of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more Nations, than envy him the Conqueſt and Dominion of theſe. Who ever you are (ſaid I, my indignation making me ſomewhat bolder) your

dif-

diſcourſe (methinks) becomes as little the perſon of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector. It is upon theſe Principles that all the great Crimes of the World have been committed, and moſt particularly thoſe which I have had the misfortune to ſee in my own time, and in my own Countrey. If theſe be to be allowed, we muſt break up human ſociety, retire into the Woods, and equally there ſtand upon our Guards againſt our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beaſts. For if there can be no Uſurpation upon the rights of a whole Nation, there can be none moſt certainly upon thoſe of a private perſon; and if the Robbers of Countreys be Gods Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves, and Banditos, and Murderers are his under Officers. It is true which you ſay, that God is the ſcource and fountain of all power, and it it is no leſſe true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels, nor does his goodneſſe fail of its ends even

in

in the malice of his own Creatures. What power he ſuffers the Devil to exerciſe in this World, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monſterous iniquities which you diſpute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you inferre from thence, that the power of the Devil is a juſt and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as moſt men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all Powers; but ſome flow from the right hand (as it were) of his Goodneſſe, and others from the left hand of his Juſtice; and the World, like an Iſland between theſe two Rivers, is ſometimes refreſht and nouriſhed by the one, and ſometimes overrun and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till either by our malice or negligence we have ſtopt and damm'd up the former. But to come a little cloſer to your Argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your ſimilitude; If *Cromwell* had

come

come to command *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Strafford*, I ſhould have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the ſtrength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the Commiſſion which he ſhould firſt have ſhowed me from our common Soveraign that ſent him; and if He could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was ſo far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your ſecond Argument is, that he had the ſame right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of Conqueſt. Are we then ſo unhappy as to be conquered by the perſon, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a Labourer, to conquer others for us? did we furniſh him with Arms, onely to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it ſeems, falſely thought them) and keep them for ever ſheath'd in the bowels of his

his Friends? did we fight for Liberty againſt our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant? this is ſuch an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his Flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be ſpoken or thought of without paſſion, yet I ſhall, if you pleaſe, argue it more calmly than the caſe deſerves. The right certainly of Conqueſt can onely be exerciſed upon thoſe againſt whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be ſaid to be conquered but by forein force. In all civil Wars men are ſo far from ſtating the quarrel againſt their Country, that they do it onely againſt a perſon or party which they really believe, or at leaſt pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any juſt cauſe for the deſtruction of a part of the Body, but when it is done for the preſervation and ſafety of the Whole. 'Tis our Country that raiſes men in the quarrel, our Country that arms, our Country that payes them, our

Country

Country that authoriſes the undertaking, and by that diſtinguiſhes it from rapine and murder; laſtly, 'tis our Country that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to ſay in Civil Warrs that the prevailing party conquers their Country, is to ſay, the Country conquers it ſelf. And if the General onely of that party be the Conquerour, the Army by which he is made ſo, is no leſſe conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reaſon to triumph in that Victory, by which they loſe both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwell* conquered any party, it was onely that againſt which he was ſent, and what that was, muſt appear by his Commiſſion. It was (ſayes that) againſt a company of evil Counſellours, and diſaffected perſons, who kept the King from a good intelligence and conjunction with his People. It was not then againſt the People. It is ſo far from being ſo, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conqueſt did not belong

belong to *Cromwell* but to the Parliament which employed him in their Service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whose Service (if there had been any faith in mens vows and protestations) the Warrs were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable Conquest remain then in his Majesty, and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Savages and Cannibals? was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the Army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwell* was not a Conquerour, but a Thief and Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Usurper upon those of the People. I do not here deny Conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title, but I deny this to be a true Conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by such a one. One Nation

may

may conquer another ſometimes juſtly, and if it be unjuſty, yet ſtill it is a true Conqueſt, and they are to anſwer for the injuſtice onely to God Almighty (having nothing elſe in authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Country, which is, and ought alwaies to be their Superior and their Lord. If perhaps we find Uſurpation inſtead of Conqueſt in the Original Titles of ſome Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Uſurpers before ours, though none in ſo impudent and execrable a manner) all I can ſay for them is, that their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juſter pretenders, it became to be the true, becauſe it was the onely one. Your third defence of his Highneſſe (as your Highneſſe pleaſes to call him) enters in moſt ſeaſonably after his pretence of Conqueſt, for then a man may ſay any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was diſſolved; Who diſſolved it? It was extinguiſht; Who was

it

it but *Cromwell*, who not onely put out the Light, but caſt away even the very ſnuff of it? As if a man ſhould murder a whole Family, and then poſſeſſe himſelf of the Houſe, becauſe 'tis better that He than that onely Rats ſhould live there. Jeſus God! (ſaid I, and at that word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a ſtart, and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretenſion even though the whole Family were deſtroyed, but the Heirs (bleſſed be God) are yet ſurviveing, and likely to outlive all Heirs of their diſpoſſeſſors, beſides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet wine enough left for the Sacrifice of thoſe wild Beaſts that have made ſo much ſpoil in the Vineyard. But did *Cromwell* think, like *Nero*, to ſet the City on fire, onely that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have ſuch a ſhadow of Virtue in his wickedneſſe; he meant onely to rob more ſecurely and more richly

in

in midſt of the combuſtion; he little thought then that he ſhould ever have been able to make himſelf Maſter of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Commonwealth. He was glad to ſee the publick Veſſel (the Soveraign of the Seas) in as deſperate a condition as his own little Canou, and thought onely with ſome ſcattered planks of that great ſhipwrack to make a better Fiſherboat for himſelf. But when he ſaw that by the drowning of the Maſter (whom he himſelf treacherouſly knockt on the head as he was ſwimming for his life) by the flight and diſperſion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleaſure, with the old Hulk and new mis-ſhapen and diſagreeing peeces of his own, he made up with much adoe that Piratical Veſſel which we have ſeen him command, and which how tight indeed it was, may beſt be judged by it's perpetual Leaking. Firſt then (much more wicked than thoſe fooliſh daughters in the

Fable

Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again) this man endeavoured to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dream't himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant Mountebanck; and thirdly (which concerns us nearest) that very new thing which he made out of the ruines of the old, is no more like the Original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial Plant raised by the fire of a Chymist is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making. Your last argument is such (when reduced to Syllogism) that the Major Proposition of it would make strange work in the World, if it were received for truth; to wit, that

he who has the beſt parts in a Nation, has the right of being King over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the ſame Family, what would become of us when every man in *England* ſhould lay his claim to the Government? and truly if *Cromwell* ſhould have commenced his plea when he ſeems to have begun his ambition, there were few perſons beſides that might not at the ſame time have put in theirs to. But his Deſerts I ſuppoſe you will date from the ſame term that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities, (for as for his private faults before, I can onely wiſh (and that with as much Charity to him as to the publick) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for thoſe of his latter dayes) and therefore we muſt begin the conſideration of his greatneſſe from the unlucky *Æra* of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was ſaid leſſe truly of *Pompey* the Great,

Noſtra

Noſtra Miſeria Magnus es. But becauſe the general ground of your argumentation conſiſts in this, that all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, muſt needs have extraordinary forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they pleaſe, ſo great a Wheel; I ſhall ſpeak firſt a few words upon this univerſal propoſition, which ſeems ſo reaſonable, and is ſo popular, before I deſcend to the particular examination of the eminences of that perſon which is in queſtion.

I have often obſerved (with all ſubmiſſion and reſignation of ſpirit to the inſcrutable myſteries of Eternal Providence) that when the fulneſſe and maturity of time is come that produces the great confuſions and changes in the World, it uſually pleaſes God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of humane force or policy, but of the Divine Juſtice and Predeſtination, and though we ſee a Man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-

houſe, ſtriking, as it were, the Hour of that fulneſſe of time, yet our reaſon muſt needs be convinced, that his hand is moved by ſome ſecret, and, to us who ſtand without, inviſible direction. And the ſtream of the Current is then ſo violent, that the ſtrongeſt men in the World cannot draw up againſt it, and none are ſo weak, but they may ſail down with it. Theſe are the Spring-tides of publick affairs which we ſee often happen, but ſeek in vain to diſcover any certain cauſes,

Hor. Carm. 3. 29.

------ Omnia Fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Hetruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſq; raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis una, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinæque ſilvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes, ------

and one man then, by malitiouſly opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never

never be the ſole Author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be ſo) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of ſo general a Deluge, and all the art then and induſtry of mankind is not ſufficient to raiſe up Dikes and Ramparts againſt it. In ſuch a time it was as this, that not all the wiſdom and power of the Roman Senate, nor the wit and eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus* was able to defend their Countrey or Themſelves againſt the unexperienced raſhneſſe of a beardleſſe Boy, and the looſe rage of a voluptuous Madman. The valour and prudent Counſels on the one ſide are made fruitleſſe, and the errors and cowardize on the other harmleſſe, by unexpected accidents. The one General ſaves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very Dream; and the other loſes both at once by a little miſtake of the ſhortneſſe of his ſight. And though this be not alwayes

ſo, for we ſee that in the tranſlation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleaſed God to make choiſe of the moſt Eminent men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio* and his contemporaries, for his chief inſtruments and actors in ſo admirable a work (the end of this being not onely to deſtroy or puniſh one Nation, which may be done by the worſt of mankind, but to exalt and bleſſe another, which is onely to be effected by great and virtuous perſons) yet when God onely intends the temporary chaſtiſement of a people, he does not raiſe up his ſervant *Cyrus* (as he himſelf is pleaſed to call him) or an *Alexander* (who had as many Virtues to do good, as Vices to do harm) but he makes the *Maſſanellos*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the inſtruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might bee more evident by the weakneſſe of the means which he chooſes to demonſtrate it. Hee did not aſſemble the Serpents and the Monſters of Afrique to

correct

correct the pride of the *Egyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locuſts out of *Æthiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermine out of the very dust; and becauſe you ſee a whole Countrey deſtroyed by theſe, will you argue from thence that they muſt needs have had both the craft of Foxes, and the courage of Lions? It is eaſie to apply this general obſervation to the particular caſe of our troubles in *England*, and that they ſeem onely to be meant for a temporary chaſtiſement of our ſins, and not for a total aboliſhment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probable to me from theſe conſiderations, as farre as we may be bold to make a judgement of the will of God in future events. Firſt, becauſe he has ſuffered nothing to ſettle or take root in the place of that which hath been ſo unwiſely and unjuſtly removed, that none of theſe untempered Mortars can hold out againſt the next blaſt of Wind, nor any ſtone ſtick to a ſtone, till that which theſe Fooliſh Builders have refuſed be

made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indiſpoſed and long tormented Commonwealth has wearied and ſpent it ſelf almoſt to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of ſeveral Mountebanks, it is to be ſuppoſed it will have the wit at laſt to ſend for a true Phyſician, eſpecially when it ſees (which is the ſecond conſideration) moſt evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long ſince) that no Uſurpation (under what name or pretext ſoever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of thoſe oppreſſions upon the people, which will at laſt tire out their patience, though it be great even to ſtupidity. They cannot be ſo dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their underſtanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary myſtery, that 'tis madneſſe in a Nation to pay three Millions a year for the maintaining of their ſervitude under Tyrants, when

when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I ſay, will not alwayes ly hid even to the ſloweſt capacities, and the next truth they will diſcover afterwards, is, that a whole people can never have the will without having at the ſame time the Power to redeem themſelves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forſaken the family of that man, from whom he has raiſed up five Children, of as Eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for ſo many together, and ſo young) in any other family in the whole World. Eſpecially if we add hereto this conſideration, that by protecting and preſerving ſome of them already through as great dangers as ever were paſt with ſafety, either by Prince or private perſon, he has given them already (as we may reaſonably hope it to be meant) a promiſe and earneſt of his future favours. And laſtly (to return cloſely to the diſcourſe from which I have a little digreſt) becauſe I ſee no-

thing of thoſe excellent parts of nature, and mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late diſturbers of our peace and happineſſe, that uſes to be found in the perſons of thoſe who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confeſſe I find nothing of that kind, no not any ſhadow (taking away the falſe light of ſome proſperity) in the man whom you extol for the firſt example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly devided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by mens actions, or of the latter than by their Writtings or Speeches. As for theſe latter (which are leaſt in merit, or rather which are onely the inſtruments of miſchief where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called Great, beſides him we are now ſpeaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wiſe or witty Apothegm even amongſt his Domeſtique Servants or greateſt Flatterers. That little

tle in print which remains upon a ſad record for him, is ſuch, as a Satyre againſt him would not have made him ſay, for fear of tranſgreſſing too much the rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the juſtification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive ſo many particular perſons, and ſo many whole parties; which if you pleaſe to take notice of for the advantage of his Intellectuals, I deſire you to allow me the liberty to do ſo too, when I am to ſpeak of his Morals. The truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wiſdom, and Diſſimulation Wit, (aſſiſted both and improved with Hypocriſies and Perjuries) I muſt not deny him to have been ſingular in both; but ſo groſſe was the manner in which he made uſe of them, that as wiſe-men ought not to have believed him at firſt, ſo no man was Fool enough to believe him at laſt; neither did any man ſeem to do it, but thoſe who thought they gained as much by that diſſembling, as he did by his.

His

His very actings of Godlineſſe grew at laſt as ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, ſhould think he repreſented excellently a Woman, though his Beard at the ſame time were ſeen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiſſe, and explode him off of the Stage, I can onely anſwer, that they durſt not do ſo, becauſe the Actors and the Door-keepers were too ſtrong for the Company. I muſt confeſſe that by theſe arts (how groſly ſoever managed, as by Hypocritical praying, and ſilly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falſhoods and perjuries even Diabolical) he had at firſt the good fortune (as men call it, that is the Ill Fortune) to attain his ends; but it was becauſe his ends were ſo unreaſonable, that no human reaſon could foreſee them; which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well meaning and deluded Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impoſtor, that theſe arts were helpt by an Indefatigable induſtry (as

you

you term it) I am ſo far from doubting, that I intended to Object that diligence as the worſt of his Crimes. It makes me almoſt mad when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedneſſe. If I were his Son I ſhould wiſh to God he had been a more lazie perſon, and that we might have found him ſleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for thoſe ends of his when other men were ordinarily aſleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tells us; Their feet run to evil, and they make haſte to ſhed innocent bloud, *Iſa.* 59. 7. He travels with iniquity, *Pſal.* 7. 14. He deviſeth miſchief upon his bed, *Pſal.* 34. 4. They ſearch out iniquity, they accompliſh a diligent ſearch, *Pſal.* 64. 6. and in a multitude of other places. And would it not ſeem ridiculous to praiſe a Wolf for his watchfulneſſe, and for his indefatigable induſtry in ranging all night about the Countrey, whileſt the ſheep, and perhaps the ſhepherd,

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and perhaps the very Dogs too are all asleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell
To call him to the duties of his Cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphasis and Exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their Courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honorable name, I am sure *Faux* and his fellow Gun-powder *Fiends* will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of Honour, neither can I doubt but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine Laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity) so pu-

publiquely and ſo outragiouſly to murder his Maſter; It was bold with ſo much inſolence and affront to expell and diſperſe all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power; It was bold to violate ſo openly and ſo ſcornfully all Acts and Conſtitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to aſſume the Authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking ſo many Parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countreys; It was bold, I ſay, above all boldneſſes, to Uſurp this Tyranny to himſelf, and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to tranſmit it to his poſterity. But all this boldneſſe is ſo far from being a ſign of manly Courage, (which dares not tranſgreſſe the rules of any other Virtue) that it is onely a Demonſtration of Britiſh Madneſſe or Diabolical Poſſeſſion. In both which laſt caſes there uſes frequent examples to appear of ſuch extra-

ordinary

ordinary force as may justly seem more wonderfull and astonishing than the actions of *Cromwell*, neither is it stranger to believe that a whole Nation should not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a Distracted Girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickednesse but it gives him the boldnesse to attempt a greater; 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to set the Metropolis of the whole World on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp whilest he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that Great person (for why should not He too be called so?) who wanted when he was to die that courage which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like necessity. It would look (I must confesse) like Envy or too much partiality if I should say that personal kind of Courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not,

and

and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of ſo many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body, and though his valour might perhaps have given him a juſt pretenſion to one of the firſt charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a ſufficient ground for a Title to the command of three Nations. What then ſhall we ſay? that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did ſo indeed in a great meaſure by a ſin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truely and unpaſſionately reflecting upon the advantages of his perſon which might be thought to have produced thoſe of his Fortune, I can eſpy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Diſſimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme Uſurpt Authority, and becauſe you ſay it was great pitie he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleaſed

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to let me repreſent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed theſe. And we will divide the conſideration into that of his forein and domeſtique actions. The firſt of his forein was a Peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the firſt of our neighbours that God chaſtiſed for having had ſo great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home) who would not imagine at firſt glympſe that this had been the moſt virtuous and laudable deed that his whole Life could make any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumſtances without perceiving, that it was purely the ſale and ſacrifizing of the greateſt advantages that this Countrey could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a forein War, to the private intereſts of his covetouſneſſe and ambition, and the ſecurity of his new and unſetled Uſurpation. No ſooner is that danger paſt, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the Northern World, and carrying

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a War two thouſand miles off Weſtwards. Two millions a year (beſides all the Vales of his Protectorſhip) is as little capable to ſuffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred Pounds were that he was born to. He muſt have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To ſatisfie our Anti-*Solomon* (who has made Silver almoſt as rare as Gold, and Gold as Precious ſtones in his new *Jeruſalem*) we muſt go, ten thouſand of his ſlaves, to fetch him riches from his fantaſtical *Ophir*. And becauſe his flatterers brag of him as the moſt Fortunate Prince (the *Fauſtus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forſook in any of his undertakings) I deſire them to conſider, how ſince the *Engliſh* name was ever heard of, it never received ſo great and ſo infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky *Fauſtus*; and herein let me admire the Juſtice of God in this circumſtance, that they who had enſlaved their Country (though a great Army,

Army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling) should bee so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty Slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the Conquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, because though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a necessary consequence of this folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the Custom-house and Exchange inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the Silver-Fleet (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do) at least let him give leave to the rest of the Nation (which is the onely loser) to complain of the losse of twelve hundred of her ships. But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguisht

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the diſgrace of ſo remote miſcariages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his glory, than St. *Domingo* for his diſadvantage; I muſt confeſſe, as to the honour of the *Engliſh* courage, that they were not wanting upon that occaſion (excepting onely the fault of ſerving at leaſt indirectly againſt their Maſter) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike Anceſtors. But for his particular ſhare of it, who ſat ſtill at home, and expoſed them ſo frankly abroad, I can onely ſay, that for leſſe money than he in the ſhort time of his reign exacted from his fellow Subjects, ſome of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own perſons) have added to the Dominion of *England* not onely one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it ſelf. And this beeing all conſiderable as concerning his enterpriſes abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much wee owe him for his Juſtice and good Government at home. And firſt he found the Common-

wealth

wealth (as they then called it) in a ready ſtock of about 800m pounds, he left the Commonwealth (as he had the impudent Raillery ſtill to call it) ſome two Millions and an half in debt. He found our Trade very much decayd indeed, in compariſon of the golden times of our late Princes; he left it as much again more decayd than he found it; and yet not onely no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever ſought out more baſe or infamous means to raiſe moneys. I ſhall onely inſtance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even He) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was Decimation; which was the moſt impudent breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himſelf had made, as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all Hiſtory from any of the moſt barbarous Generals of the moſt barbarous People. Which becauſe

becauſe it has been moſt excellently and moſt largely layd open by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I ſhall onely deſire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleaſed to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumſtances of the iniquity. The other deſign of raiſing a preſent ſum of Money, which he violently perſued, but durſt not put in execution, was by the calling in and eſtabliſhment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuted by the univerſal outcry of the Divines, and even of the Citizens too, who took it ill that a conſiderable number at leaſt amongſt themſelves were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*. And for this deſign, they ſay, he invented (Oh Antichriſt! Πονηρον and ὁ Πονηρος!) to ſell St. *Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purſes and devotions could have reacht to the purchaſe. And this indeed if he had done onely to reward that Nation which had given the firſt noble example of crucifying

cifying their King, it might have had ſome appearance of Gratitude, but he did it onely for love of their Mammon; and would have ſold afterwards for as much more St. *Peters* (even at his own *Weſtminſter*) to the *Turks* for a *Moſquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he deſired he might be worſhipped in all manners, excepting onely that heatheniſh way of the Common-Prayer Book. But what do I ſpeak of his wicked inventions for getting money? when every penny that for almoſt five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not ſo? or can any man think that *Cromwell* with the aſſiſtance of his Forces and Moſſe Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purſes, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too ſtrong for upon a Road? and yet when this came in the caſe of Mr. *Coney*, to be diſputed by a legal

gal tryal, he (which was the higheſt act of Tyranny that ever was ſeen in *England*) not onely diſcouraged and threatned, but violently impriſoned the Councel of the Plaintiff; that is, he ſhut up the Law it ſelf cloſe Priſoner, that no man might have relief from, or acceſſe to it. And it ought to be remembred, that this was done by thoſe men, who a few years before had ſo bitterly decried, and openly oppoſed the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little Ship-money. But though we loſt the benefit of our old Courts of Juſtice, it cannot be denyed that he ſet up new ones; and ſuch they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, ſo no ill one durſt erect. What? have we lived ſo many hundred years under ſuch a form of Juſtice as has been able regularly to puniſh all men that offended againſt it, and is it ſo deficient juſt now, that we muſt ſeek out new wayes how to proceed againſt offenders? The

reaſon which can onely be given in nature for a neceſſity of this, is, becauſe thoſe things are now made Crimes, which were never eſteemed ſo in former Ages; and there muſt needs be a new Court ſet up to puniſh that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am ſo far from Declaming (as you call it) againſt theſe wickedneſſes (which if I ſhould undertake to do, I ſhould never get to the Peroration) that you ſee I only give a hint of ſome few, and paſſe over the reſt as things that are too many to be numbred, and muſt onely be weighed in groſſe. Let any man ſhow me (for though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all Hiſtory) let any man ſhow me (I ſay) an Example of any Nation in the World (though much greater than ours) where there have in the ſpace of four years been made ſo many Priſoners onely out of the endleſſe Jealouſies of one Tyrants guilty Imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and

and *Sylla*, and the accurſed Triumvirate after them, put more People to death, but the reaſon I think partly was, becauſe in thoſe times that had a mixture of ſome honour with their madneſſe, they thought it a more civil revenge againſt a *Roman* to take away his Life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reaſon to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been ſet it in other Countries. Our Judges and our Courts of Juſtice have not been idle; And to omit the whole reign of our late King (till the beginning of the War) in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longeſt time of our worſt Princes ſcarce ſaw many more Executions than the ſhort one of our bleſt Reformer. And wee ſaw, and ſmelt in our open ſtreets, (as I markt to you at firſt) the broyling of humane bowels as a Burnt Offering of a ſweet Savour to our

Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the ſubtileſt invention of his Predeceſſors of *Sicilie*) is more Humane and more ſupportable, than his ſelling of Chriſtians, Engliſhmen, Gentlemen; his ſelling of them (oh monſtrous! oh incredible!) to be Slaves in *America*. If his whole life could bee reproacht with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any of our Tyrants; and I dare onely touch, without ſtopping or inſiſting upon ſo inſolent and ſo execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into ſo violent (though a juſt) Paſſion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I reſolve to obſerve in this Diſcourſe with you. Theſe are great calamities; but even theſe are not the moſt inſupportable that wee have endured; for ſo it is, that the ſcorn, and mockery, and inſultings of an Enemy, are more painfull than the deepeſt wounds of

of his ſerious fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our ſufferings; Hee loved to ſay and do ſenceleſſe and fantaſtical things, onely to ſhew his power of doing or ſaying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat thoſe words which hee ſpoke concerning the moſt ſacred of our *Engliſh* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you ſhould ſee him ranting ſo wildly, that no body durſt come near him, the morrow flinging of cuſhions, and playing at Snow-balls with his Servants. This moneth hee aſſembles a Parliament, and profeſſes himſelf with humble tears to be onely their Servant and their Miniſter; the next moneth hee ſwears By the Living God, that hee will turn them out of dores, and hee does ſo, in his princely way of threatning bidding them, Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them. The Repreſenta-

tive of a vvhole, nay of three whole Nations, was in his eſteem ſo contemptible a meeting, that hee thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of ſo little conſequence, as not to deſerve that hee ſhould adviſe with any mortal man about it. What ſhall wee call this? Boldneſſe, or Brutiſhneſſe? Raſhneſſe, or Phrenſie? there is no name can come up to it, and therefore wee muſt leave it without one. Now a Parliament muſt bee choſen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all caſhiered ſtill after the neweſt mode. Now he will govern by Major Generals, now by One Houſe, now by Another Houſe, now by No Houſe; now the freak takes him, and hee makes ſeventy Peers of the Land at one clap (*Extempore*, and *ſtans pede in uno*) and to manifeſt the abſolute power of the Potter, hee chooſes not onely the worſt Clay he could find, but picks up even the Durt and Mire, to form

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out of it his Veſſels of Honour. It was ſaid antiently of Fortune, that when ſhe had a mind to be merry and to divert her ſelf, ſhe was wont to raiſe up ſuch kind of people to the higheſt Dignities. This Son of Fortune, *Cromwell* (who was himſelf one of the primeſt of her Jeſts) found out the true haut gouſt of this pleaſure, and rejoyced in the extravagance of his wayes as the fulleſt demonſtration of his uncontroulable Soverainty. Good God! what have we ſeen? and what have we ſuffer'd? what do all theſe actions ſignifie, what do they ſay aloud to the whole Nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclamed by Heralds through the ſtreets of *London*) You are Slaves and Fools, and ſo Ile uſe you? Theſe are briefly a part of thoſe merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more Kingdomes, and ſuppoſe that if he had lived longer he might have had them; VVhich I am ſo

far from concurring to, that I believe his ſeaſonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him than all the victories and proſperities of his Life. For he ſeemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitfull Glories; his own Army grew at laſt as weary of him as the reſt of the People; and I never paſt of late before his Palace (His, do I call it? I ask God and the King pardon) but I never paſt of late before Whitehall without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharſin.* But it pleaſed God to take him from the ordinary Courts of Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Juſtice, which being more merciſull than Ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death affoard but ſmall materials for the work of Charity, eſpecially if he deſigned even then to Entail his own injuſtice upon his

his Children, and by it inextricable confuſions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at laſt an end of him; And where's now the fruit of all that bloud and calamity which his Ambition has coſt the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'l ſay) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly Blaſted; I have nothing to ſay againſt the Gentleman, or any living of his family, on the contrary I wiſh him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet poſſeſſion of his Maſters Inheritance. Whatſoever I have ſpoken againſt his Father, is that which I ſhould have thought (though Decency perhaps might have hindred me from ſaying it) even againſt mine Own, if I had been ſo unhappy, as that Mine by the ſame wayes ſhould have left me Three Kingdoms.

Here I ſtopt; and my pretended Protector, who, I expected, ſhould have been very angry, fell a laughing; it ſeems at

the ſimplicity of my diſcourſe, for thus he replied: You ſeem to pretend extremely to the old obſolete rules of Virtue and Conſcience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vaſt proſpect of three Kingdoms you can ſhow me any Acres of your own. But theſe are ſo farre from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to ſee you ſo much as a Juſtice of Peace in your own Countrey. For this I perceive which you call Virtue, is nothing elſe but either the frowardneſſe of a Cynick, or the lazineſſe of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at leaſt Artfull Diſſimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Hero*, and I aſſure you that he whoſe Life is conſtantly drawn by thoſe two, ſhall never be miſled out of the way of Greatneſſe. But I ſee you are a Pedant, and Platonical Stateſman, a Theoretical Commonwealths man, an Utopian Dreamer. Was ever Riches got-

ten

ten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supreme place attained to by Virtues that muſt not ſtir out the middle? Do you ſtudy *Ariſtotles* Politiques, and write, if you pleaſe, Comments upon them, and let another but practiſe *Matchavil*, and let us ſee then which of you two will come to the greateſt preferments. If the deſire of rule and ſuperiority be a Virtue (as ſure I am it is more imprinted in human Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what is the Virtue of any Creature but the exerciſe of thoſe powers and inclinations which God has infuſed into it?) if that (I ſay) be Virtue, we ought not to eſteem any thing Vice, which is the moſt proper, if not the onely means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth ſo certain, and ſo clear,
That to the firſt-born Man it did appear;
Did not, the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the freſh Laws of Nature taught, diſdain
That (though a Brother) any one ſhould be
A greater Favourite to God than He?
He ſtrook him down; and, ſo (ſaid He) ſo fell
The ſheep which thou didſt Sacrifize ſo well.
Since all the fulleſt Sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were Blaſted in the Offering,
Leſt God ſhould my next Victime too deſpiſe,
The acceptable Prieſt I'le Sacrifize.
Hence Coward Fears; for the firſt Bloud ſo ſpilt
As a Reward, He the firſt Citie built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-Child of the Deity.
So well advanced, 'twas pity there he ſtaid;
One ſtep of Glory more he ſhould have made,
And to the utmoſt bounds of Greatneſſe gone;
Had *Adam* too been kill'd, He might have Reign'd Alone.

One

One Brother's death what do I mean to name,
A ſmall Oblation to Revenge and Fame?
The mighty-ſoul'd *Abimelec* to ſhew
What for high place a higher Spirit can do,
A Hecatomb almoſt of Brethren ſlew,
And ſeventy times in neareſt bloud he dy'd
(To make it hold) his Royal Purple Pride.
Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?
The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman, can,
When to a Crown ſhe cuts her ſacred way,
All that oppoſe with Manlike courage ſlay.
So *Athaliah*, when ſhe ſaw her Son,
And with his Life her dearer Greatneſſe gone,
With a Majeſtique fury ſlaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call.
Since he was dead who all her power ſuſtain'd,
Reſolv'd to reign alone; Reſolv'd, and Reign'd.
In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withſtood,
In vain the ſacred plea of *Davids* Bloud,

A noble, and a bold contention, Shee,
(One Woman) undertook with Deſtiny.
She to pluck down, Deſtiny to uphold
(Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)
The great *Jeſſean* race on *Juda*'s Throne;
Till 'twas at laſt an equal Wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much adoe, the Better got by One.

Tell me not ſhe her ſelf at 1ſt was ſlain;
Did ſhe not firſt ſeven years (a Life-time) reign?
Seven royal years t' a publick ſpirit will ſeem
More than the private Life of a *Methuſalem*.
'Tis Godlike to be Great; and as they ſay
A thouſand years to God are but a Day:
So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation Day's more than a Thouſand years.

He

He would have gone on I perceiv'd in his blaſphemies, but that by Gods Grace I became ſo bold as thus to interrupt him. I underſtand now perfectly (which I gueſt at long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; and though your ſtile in verſe be very much mended ſince you were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is much worſe than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publiſh; whether your long Practice with mankind has encreaſt and improved your malice, or whether you think Us in this age to be grown ſo impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or diſguiſes to draw us to your party. My Dominion (ſaid he haſtily, and with a dreadfull furious look) is ſo great in this VVorld, and I am ſo powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be aſhamed that you ſhould know me; and that you may ſee I know you too, I know you to bee an obſtinate

and

and inveterate Malignant; and for that reaſon I ſhall take you along with mee to the next Garriſon of Ours; from whence you ſhall go to the Tower, and from thence to the Court of Juſtice, and from thence you know whither. I was almoſt in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey,

When, Lo, ere the laſt words were fully ſpoke,
From a fair clowd, which rather ope'd, than broke,
A flaſh of Light, rather than Lightning came,
So ſwift, and yet ſo gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no ſooner There than Here,
The comelyeſt Youth of all th'Angelique race;
Lovely his ſhape, ineffable his Face.
The Frowns with which hee ſtrook the trembling Fiend,
All Smiles of Humane beauty did tranſcend.
His Beams of Locks fell part diſhevel'd down,
Part upwards curld, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,

Such

Such as the Britiſh Monarchs us'd to wear;
If Gold might be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven Silver Light.
Acroſſe his breaſt an azure Ruban went,
At which a Medal hung that did preſent
In wondrous, living figures to the ſight,
The myſtick Champion's, and old Dragon's fight,
And from his Mantles ſide there ſhone afar,
A fixt, and, I believe, a Real Star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No Arms but th'*Engliſh* bloody Croſſe he bore,
Which when hee towards th'affrighted Tyrant bent,
And ſome few words pronounc'd (but what they ment,
Or were, could not, alas, by me be known,
Onely I well perceiv'd Jeſus was one)
He trembled, and he roard, and fled away;
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.

Such

Such rage inflames the Wolves wild heart and
eyes
(Rob'd as he thinks unjusty of his prize)
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his ravenous
jaws.
The Shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail,
Hee knows his Foe too strong, and must bee
gone;
Hee grins as hee looks back, and howls as hee
goes on.

FINIS.